

Binder: None

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Title: Untitled songbook, British?

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Date: ?

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Source: Getz Collection

*Primarily Fraternity, rugby, and barroom stuff -
FOREWORD but sung by the military,
notably in wartime -*

From ancient times it has been the custom of men in uniform to memorize and pass on marching songs, drinking songs, camping songs, many different kinds of songs to amuse and entertain. The fact that some of the lyrics of these songs might perhaps be termed slightly off colour is merely coincidental and really of no importance.

Too frequently the words of these songs become forgotten from lack of use by the happy warriors returned to civilian occupations, which leaves a chapter of their lives incomplete.

It is only to fill the need due to such lapses of memory that the words of a few of the songs have been recorded herein. They are a part of history and history demands accurate record in the interests of posterity. It goes without saying that posterity will be vitally interested in these, the folk songs of our times.

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ROLL ME OVER

1.

Now this is number one and the song has just begun.

Chorus

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again,
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew,

Chorus

Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee,

Chorus

Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor,

Chorus

Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh,

Chorus

Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix,

Chorus

Now this is number seven, and it's just like being in heaven,

Chorus

Now this is number eight, and the Doctor's at the gate,

Chorus

Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine,

Chorus

Now this is number ten, and he's started once again,

Chorus

-----ooOoo-----

To the tune of Humoresque

Passengers will please refrain
From passing water while the train
Is standing in the station, yes indeed.
While the train is in the station
We encourage constipation
A little self-control is what we need.

If you really must pass water,
Please inform the station porter,
Who will place a vessel in the vestibule.
While the train is in the station,
We encourage constipation,
That is why we have to make this rule.

FATHER'S GRAVE

They're digging up Father's grave to build a sewer,
They're moving it regardless of expense,
They're shifting his remains,
To put in ten inch drains,
To take away the shit from residents.

Gor Blimey

What's the use of having a religion,
If when you die your troubles never cease,
All because some big nosed twit,
Want's a pipe line for his shit,
Why won't they let the poor guy rest in peace.

Gor Blimey

But Father all his life was never a quitter,
I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now.
And when the job's complete
He'll haunt the shit house seat,
And only let them shit when he'll allow.

Gor blimey

Won't there be some fucking constipation,
and won't those bleeding toffs just rant and rave,
But death to those who serve
For having the bleedin' nerve,
To muck about with a British workman's grave.

THE CHANDLER'S BOY

(tune - The Lincolnshire Poacher)

The boy went into the Chandler's shop,
Some matches for to buy,
He looked around, around he looked,
But no one did he spy,
He cried aloud, aloud he cried,
With voice to wake the dead,
When he heard a kind of rat-a-tat-tat right above his head,
When he heard a kind of rat-a-tat-tat right above his head.

Now this boy was of an inquiring mind,
So he quietly climbed the stairs,
And the door of the room was wide open,
And the Chandler's wife was there.
The Chandler's wife was on the bed,
A man between her thighs,
And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat right before his eyes,
And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat right before his eyes.

Oh! Boy! Oh! Boy! my secret keep,
And for me tell a lie,
For if the Chandler should hear of this,
He'd beat me till I cry,
And if you promise to be good,
I'll always to be kind,
And you shall have a rat-a-tat-tat whenever you feel inclined,
And you shall have a rat-a-tat-tat whenever you feel inclined.

The Chandler returned and entered the shop,
He quickly smelt a rat,
Seeing his wife all naked there
Her hand upon her twat,
The Chandler's wife ran from the room,
Expecting the boy had fled,
But he was having a rat-a-tat-tat all by himself in bed,
But he was having a rat-a-tat-tat all by himself in bed.

THREE OLD LADIES

Chorus O Dear What can the matter be,
Three old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

The first ladie's name was Elizabeth Porter,
She was the Bishop of Tichester's daughter,
Who went to get rid of some old virgin water,
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus

The second ladie's name was Elizabeth Humphery,
Who went for a pee and could not get her bum free,
She said " Oh Dear this is really quite comfy",
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus

The third lady's name was Elizabeth Bender,
Who went to adjust a broken suspender,
And got it mixed up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus

-----00o00-----
BOLLOCKY BILL THE SAILOR

"Who's that knocking on my door,
Who's that knocking on my door,
Who's that knocking on my door?" said the fair young maiden.

" It's only me from over the sea" said Bollocky Bill the Sailor.

(Continue , three times for each verse of the maiden, and once for each of Bollocky Bill).

I'll come down and let you in	- Maiden
And where am I going to sleep tonight	- Bill
You may sleep upon the mat	- Maiden
Oh, bugger the mat, I can't sleep on that	- Bill
You can sleep between my thighs	- Maiden
What have you got between your thighs	- Bill
I have got a pin-cushion	- Maiden
And I've got a pin, and I'll stick it in	- Bill
And what if there should be a child	- Maiden
Strangle the bastard as soon as it's born	- Bill
But what about the Police Force	- Maiden
Bugger the Police and fuck the force	- Bill
But if there should be an inquest	- Maiden
Stuff the inquest up your arse.	- Bill
When shall I see you again	- Maiden
Never no more, you fucking whore	- Bill

THE AIRMAN'S LAMENT

An airman told me before he died,
(And I've no reason to think he lied)
That his wife had a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built for her a tool of steel,
Driven by a bloody great wheel,
Balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Till in ecstasy at last she cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied".

Now we come to the bitter bit,
There was no means of stopping it,
And she was split from arse to tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered in shit.

-----ooOoo-----

KAFUSELUM

In ancient days there lived a jade,
A prostitute of low repute,
Who drove a very thriving trade,
As Harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus : Hi, hi, Kafusalum, Kafuselum,
Hi, hi, Kafuselum, the harlot of Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived a bugger tall,
Who with his cock could shift a wall,
And he had rogered nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
With customary cock-stanh, he
Although he only had 2 d.
Accosted old Kafuselum.

And then began some furious fun,
He squirted like a gatling gun,
And sowed the seed of many a son,
Inside old Kafuselum.

And then there came a picus wight,
A jesabite, a bloody shite
And tore apart with all his might,
The bugger and Kafuselum.

He cursed them by the bell and book,
With righteous rage he fairly shook,
And threw them both into the brook,
Of Kishon near Jerusalem

Up rose the bugger full of fight,
And seized the bloody Jesabite,
And rammed him up with all his might,
The arsehole of Kafuselum.

That little harlot knew her part,
She closed her eyes and blew a fart,
Which blew that bloody Jesabite,
A mile above Jersulem.

At night when cats increase their race,
You see them there both face to face,
Within that bloody awful place,
Gehenna near Jerusalem.

4-
Old - at least
pre war II, maybe
WWI

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father's an apple-pie vendor,
My mother makes synthetic gin,
My sister walks out of an evening,
And Gosh how the money rolls in.

My brother's a keen missionary,
Wot saves poor young maidens from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars,
And Gosh how the money rolls in.

I'd an uncle who was a night watchman,
Who spent all his nights in the pit,
He used to come home in the mornings,
And covered all over with shit.

One night it was dark and so stormy,
When uncle went down in the pit,
The wind went and blew out his candle,
And uncle fell down in the shit.

Poor uncle, he never recovered,
From his accident down in the pit,
His funeral takes place tomorrow,
He'll be buried in six feet of shit.

--- 00 c 00 ---

SALOME

Down our street there was a merry party,
Everybody there was all so gay and hearty,
Talk about a treat - we ate all the meat
And we drank all the beer from the boozier down the street
There was old uncle Joe, he was fair fucked up,
So we put him in the cellar with his old bull pup,
Little sonny Jim was trying to get it in,
With his arsehold winking at the moon.

Oh, Salome, Salome, that's my girl Salome,
Standing there with her arse all bare,
Every little wiggle makes the boys all stare.
Oh! Slide it and glide it,
Right up her fucking chute,
Two brass balls and the shankers too,
And a foreskin full of shit.

She's a great big fat cow, twice the size of me,
She's got hairs on her belly like the branches on a tree,
She can run, jump, fight, fuck,
Wheel a barrow, drive a truck,
That's my girl Salome.

On monday night she takes it up her back,
On Tuesday night she hauls in all the slack,
On Wednesday night she fucks like hell,
On Friday night, she takes it up her nose,
In between her fingers, down between her toes,
On Saturday night she dishes out gams,
And she goes to church on sunday.

Jesus wants me for a sunbeam
And a fucking good sunbeam am I.

-6-

THE BALL OF KIRRIEMUIR

It was the ball, it was the ball,
The ball of Kirriemuir,
Four and twenty pairs o'brecks,
All lying on the floor.

CHORUS: Singing who'll do it this time,
Who'll do it now,
For the man who did it last time,
Canna do it noo.

Mr. MacFudge the parson,
He went amoung the weemen,
He took puir Nellie on his knee,
And filled her full o'semen.

Puir wee Nellie she found out,
To her great consternation,
That she by some strange means or ither,
Was increasing his congregation.

The minister's wife, oh, she was there,
She was the best of a',
She stuck her arse against the door,
And bade them come aea'.

The Minister's scivvy, she was there,
She was all dressed in blue,
They tied her to the barn door,
And bulled her like a coo,

The doctor's wife, oh, she was there,
she wasna very weel,
For she had to make her water,
In the middle of every reel.

The butcher's wife, oh, she was there,
She also wasna weel,
For she had to go and piddle,
After every little feel.

Jock MacGregor he was there,
All in a new ford truck,
They asked him if he'd have a dram,
But he said he'd rather fuck.

The Elders of the Kirk were there,
And they were shocked to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads,
All hanging from a tree.

The Session clerk, oh, he was there,
It was afucking shame,
He rode a lassie a' the nicht,
And wouldna see her hame.

Four and twenty virgins,
Sitting in a row,
Pulling at their pubic hairs,
And passing round the po.

The minister's daughter she was there,
All draped up to the front,
Wi' roses round her cute wee arse,
But thistles up her cunt.

The village idiot he was there,
Ye sure could count on that,
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself,
And catchin' the drops in his hat.

*Long time
Saviour of the
Black Watch
based on or
actual party in
Scot (2nd)*

There was fuckin' in the hay-mows,
And fuckin' in the ricks,
You couldna hear the music for
The swishin' o' the pricks.

Four and twenty dairymaids,
Lying out all bare,
You couldna see the daisies,
For the cunts and curly hair.

The Church Precenter he was there,
He came in trews and tartan,
They didna like the colour
For they said 'twas done by fartin'.

The farmer's son, oh, he was there,
And he was in the byre,
Introduc'in' masturbation
Wi' an Indian rubber tyre.

Miss MacTaggart she was there,
She kept them all in fits,
By jumping off the mantle piece,
And landing on her tits.

The village bobby he was there,
He'd put on fancy socks,
He fucked a lassie fourty times,
And found she had the pox.

The teacher from the school was there,
She didna bring her stick,
She wasna much to look at but
She sure could take the prick.

The village grocer he was there,
He had a muscle stand,
He couldna get a woman so
He worked it off by hand.

The diary maid oh she was there,
Explaining to the groom,
That the virgina not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

The village postman he was there,
He had a dose of pox,
He couldna find a woman so
He screwed the letter box.

The village cripple he was there,
But wasna up to much,
He couldna get a good stand on,
So he shagged 'em wi' his crutch.

And when the Ba' was over
The ladies all confessed,
They'd all enjoyed the dancing
But the fuckin' was the best.

We've said the Ba' was over,
It really is the end,
When everybody is quite dry
And has no more to spend.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a sound was heard
 But the bedstead shook
 And the lady was somewhat flurried,
 As between her legs my position I took,
 And Sir John I silently burried.
 No contraceptives encased his brow,
 Not in silk or elastic I bound him,
 I thrust him in quite naked instead
 With none but her fair cloak around him.
 Short and sharp were the strokes I took,
 Without a thought of retiring,
 When suddenly my balls gave the hint,
 Sir John was silently firing.
 Slowly and sadly I drew him forth,
 His head was all wet and gory,
 Who would have thought that a moment ago,
 Sir John had stood up in his glory.

--- 000 ---

THE INDIAN MAID
 (Tune- Red Wing)

Oh, there once was an Indian maid,
 Who wasn't a bit afraid,
 To lie on her back,
 In the middle of a shack,
 And let the cowboys,
 Shove it up her crack.
 It wasn't a great surprise,
 To see her belly rise,
 But out popped a nigger,
 With a ring around his jigger;
 And his arse between his eyes.

--- 000 ---

THE SPHINX SMILE

The sexual urge of the camel,
 Is stronger than most people think,
 One night in sheer desperation,
 It attempted to rape the Sphinx,
 Now the Sphinx's most intimate passage,
 Was blocked by the sands of the Nile,
 Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
 And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

--- 000 ---

THE N.A.A.F.I. GIRL
 (Tune- Phil the fluter's ball)

I'll tell you the story of the NAFFI's Annual Ball,
 I spied a Squadron Leader standing there against the wall,
 One arm around a NAFFI girl, the other on her breast,
 He was trying to seduce her and hoping for the best.

He bent down and kissed her, the essence of gentility,
 She snuggled to him closely and gave a little sigh,
 She then undid her panties, the essence of civility,
 Then pulled him to her quickly and gave the NAFFI cry.

THE OLD FARMER

There was an old farmer who stood on a rick
Shouting and swearing and waving his ---
Fist at the sailors who sat on the rocks,
Teaching the children to play with their ---
Kites and marbles as in days of yore.
When along came a lady who looked like a ----
Decent young lady, she walked like a duck,
She said she was teaching a new way to ----
Educate her children to sew and to knit
While the boys in the farm yard were shovelling the ---
Contents of the stable, the muck and the mire
The dirty old farmer was pulling his ---
Horse from the stable to go to the hunt,
His wife in the boudoir was powdering her ---
nose and arranging her vanity box,
And taking precautions to ward off the ---
Gout and rheumatics which left her so stiff,
Too well she remembered her last dose of ---
What did you think I was going to say ?
You dirty old bastards that's all for today.

--- 000 ---

THE OLD MONK

There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
And he fucked all the women all over the town.

CHORUS: The old sod, the dirty old sod,
 The bugger deserves to die,
 Fuck him, Let us pray,
 Glory, glory hallelujah

One day he met a maiden fair,
One day he met a maiden fair,
One day he met a maiden fair,
And he lured her up into his lair.

He took her to his marble halls,
He took her to his marble halls,
He took her to his marble halls,
And he showed her his prick and his bloody great balls.

He laid her on his lily-white bed,
He laid her on his lily-white bed,
He laid her on his lily-white bed,
And he fucked that girl until she was dead.

The other monks cried out "For Shame",
The other monks cried out "For Shame",
The other monks cried out "For Shame",
So he turned her over and did it again.

The other monks, to stop his frolics,
The other monks, to stop his frolics,
The other monks, to stop his frolics,
They took up a knife and cut off his bollocks.

But on the resurrection morn,,
But on the resurrection morn,
But on the resurrection morn,
The dirty old bugger still had a horn.

And so the monk has gone to hell,
And so the monk has gone to hell,
And so the monk has gone to hell,
And we've heard that he's fucking the devil as well.

--- 000 ---

*Other version -
"A Quine of Great
Reckon"*

IN MOBILE

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores,
But there are key-holes in the doors,
And there are knot holes in the floors in Mobile.

Oh, the old dun cow is dead in Mobile,
Oh, the old dun cow is dead in Mobile,
Oh, the old dun cow is dead, but the children must be fed,
So we'll milk the bull instead in Mobile.

Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high, and they shit right in your eye,
So thank god the cows don't fly in Mobile.

Oh, the negroes they grow tall in Mobile,
Oh, the negroes they grow tall in Mobile,
Oh, the negroes they grow tall, but they shoot them in the fall,
And they eat them, balls and all, in Mobile.

Oh, the parson he has come to Mobile,
Oh, the parson he has come to Mobile,
Oh, the parson he has come, with his word of Kingdom Come,
He can stuff it up his bum in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good beer in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good beer in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good beer, but they give us damn good cheer,
Oh, Thank God that we're here in Mobile.

There's a lovely girl called Dinah in Mobile,
There's a lovely girl called Dinah in Mobile,
There's a lovely girl called Dinah, for a fuck there's no one finer,
'Cos she's got the best vagina in Mobile.

There's a man called lanky Danny in Mobile,
There's a man called Lanky Danny in Mobile,
There's a man called lanky Danny and his instinct is uncanny,
When he's fingering a fanny in Mobile.

There's a tavern in the town in Mobile,
There's a tavern in the town in Mobile,
There's a tavern in the town, where for only half a crown,
You can get a bit of brown in Mobile.

Oh, the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile
Oh, the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile,
Oh, the girls they wear tin pants, but they take them off to dance,
Just to give the boys a chance in Mobile.

The CO is a bugger in Mobile,
The CO is a bugger in Mobile,
And the Adjutant is another, so they bugger one another,
They're a close knit fucking family in Mobile.

--- 000 ---

OH JOHNNY

Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, look what you've done,
Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'll have to tell Mum,
You've put me in the family way,
Whatever will my daddy say,
Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, I'm six months gone,
Three months more to go,
If you value your life,
You will make me your wife,
Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh.

--- 000 ---

-10- was
This one was
AAF as well
slightly different
with
versions

THE NEW TYPIST

I don't think I shall like this job, from what I've seen at least.
The other girls are awful frumps, the office boy's a beast,
The office is too uncomfortable, 'tis bare and half in gloom,
I wonder what the boss is like, I suppose I'll see him soon.

Oh, now I'm wanted by the boss, he's swinging in his chair,
He looks a dear, and not so old, I thought he'd have grey hair,
I feel him taking me all in, he's eyeing me a lot,
He seems to be most interested in the kind of leg's I've got.

At any rate they're shapely and my stockings fit alright,
He's looking at my figure now, - this dress is rather tight,
Perhaps it's usual for the boss to notice what you wear,
I do feel glad he likes my blouse and the way I wear my hair.

Ought I let him hold my hand? I never understood,
That office work included that, but there I guess I should,
At least I don't displease him, and certainly I know,
His hand is soft on my bare arm, he likes my blouse cut low.

I've got to join him on the couch, and sit down by his side,
(It's true these buttons will undo) Oh! his hand has slipped inside,
I think I ought to slap him, perhaps he'll go too far,
He held me tightly round the waist, he's going to kiss me -- ahhh.

I wonder if it's usual, but his lips are hot on mine,
I think I'd better let him for his kisses are divine,
They make me tremble like a leaf, I can't stand any more,
I'm glad he's left me, I feel faint - Oh! dear, He's locked the door.

I've never heard of work like this - its sure to be alright,
My blouse won't open any more, I hope my breasts are white,
I rather like them to be kissed, he likes it too I see,
He wants my left leg on the couch, he's tickling round my knee.

I feel so strange, so quivering, he's asking what I wear,
His hand is sliding up my thigh, why is he fumbling there,
He wants my panties slipped down now, I'll do it or he'll tear them,
Did I do wrong to have them on, - p'haps typists should'nt wear them.

I like my nipples kissed like that, so hard they've never been,
Oh! Dear! I simply can't stand that, he's kissing in between,
Oh, Dear, he's crumpling up my dress, I know there'll be a tear,
I'll hold it up, It's best like that if he wants my legs all bare.

He seems to want them wide apart, I'll spread them wider still,
It's nice to feel him pressing there, it makes my thighs all thrill,
Why does he want my hand down there, his buttons to undo,
Well, I suppose I'd better, since it's plain he wants me too.

Oh! goodness, what was that I touches, so hot, so hard, so long,
I never dreamed that men had these, so stiff and warm and strong,
Oh, dear, how it is throbbing, and how it makes my hand all wet,
He's raised himself so I suppose he wants me closer yet.

Oh! goodness, these are marvellous, how short and round they are,
I can feel it pushing just inside, but it can't go very far,
Oh, dear, it hurts, no, no, it's nice, how fierce and tight he grips,
Something gave way inside just now, and up and up it slips..

Yes, yes, that's nice, ah, ah, oh, oh, Its sliding to and fro,
Its going further, I can feel theres not much more to go,
Oh, my, it seems to fill me, it's right in without a doubt,
I'll wiggle round, and up and down, as he goes in and out.

OH! quicker! quicker! Won't it go in just a little more,
I've never dreamed of anything so wonderful before,
Such joy as this will never last, his kisses burn my breast,
Oh! yes! I also wish that we were all undressed.

Cont'd next page.

Oh, what a marvellous size it's grown, it must have stretched me wide,
Oh, dear, Oh, dear, I wonder what is taking place inside,
What could have ended that long thrill, what so convulsed me then,
What gurgled hot from him to me, What gorgeous things are men!!

Oh, My, It's slipping out of me, how different is its size,
It tickles me as it's coming out, it's soaking all my thighs,
I'm glad he found it just as nice, and says I am quite pleasing,
It's nice to feel him dressing me, he's kissing and he's teasing.

I'm glad he wants me every day, and since that is the case,
I'll tell my Dad why I am sure I'm going to like this place.

---000---

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

CHORUS ; Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles,
 Cats with the syphillis, cats with piles,
 Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles,
 As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The donkey is a solitary moke,
He very seldom has a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus so it seems,
Very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does, he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Poor old bovine, poor old bull,
Very seldom gets a pull,
But when he does the cow is full,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Poor little tortoise in his shell,
Does'nt manage very well,
But when he does he fucks like hell,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Now the hairy old gorilla is a sedentary ape,
Who very seldom does much rape,
But when he does he comes like tape,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full of joy,
And your good wife isn't willing and your daughter's gone all coy,
Then you've got to use the arsehole of your next to oldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with a ten inch stand,
And there isn't any woman in the whole damned land,
Then of course there's nothing for it but to use your hand,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

Now I met a young girl who was dear,
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea,
Fools rush in where angel fear
To revel in the joys of copulation.

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REMEMBER

Remember the night, when you were tight, my darling, remember,
When I was in heat and said you might, my darling, remember,
Remember, you found a tender spot, right in the centre of my twat,
You said you'd withdraw before you shot,
But you forgot to remember.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

The minstrels sing of an ancient king,
Who lived long years ago,
And ruled his land with an iron hand,
And his ways were mean and low,
He was fond of hunting ~~in the~~ within the royal wood,
He was very fond of apple pie and pulling the royal pud,
He was fat and fourty and full of fleas,
And the royal tool hung down to his knees,
Cheers for the bastard king of england.

Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly Dame,
And a sprightly dame was she,
She loved to fool with the royal tool,
Of the King across the sea,
So she sent a royal message by a royal messenger,
To ask the king to come and spend a month or so with her,
Fun for the Bastard King of England.

Now Phillip of France he shat his pants,
When this news to him was brought,
He said " She loves my rival
Just because my tool is short!",
So he sent the Count of Zipizap,
To give the Queen a dose of clap,
For the Bastard King of England.

When the news of this foul deed was brought
To England's ancient halls,
The King he swore by the royal whore
To have King Phillips balls,
So he offered half his kingdom and a fuck at the Queen perchance,
To the loyal son who would use his gun to bugger the king of France.
Good for the Bastard King of England.

So the noble Duke of Sussex.
He galloped across to France.
He said he was a pansy so
The King took down his pants,
Then he fastened a trong around the kings dong
Mounted his horse and galloped along
Back to the Bastard King of England.

Now all the whores of London town were lined up on the walls,
When told to shout for the Bastard King the harlots shouted "Balls",
And the king threw up his breakfast,
And grovelled on the floor,
For in the ride, the Frenchmans pride, had stretched a yard or more,
So Phillip of France usuped the throne
His sceptre was the Royal bone,
The end of the Bastard King of England.

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LAMENT

Life is full of disappointments,
Dull and empty as a tomb,
Father's got a strictured penis,
Mother has a fallen womb.

Uncle Ted has been deported,
For a homosexual crime,
Sister Sue has just aborted,
For the fourty second time,

The maid has chronic constipation,
Never laughs and scldom smiles,
Hates her dismal occupation,
Crushing ice for Grampa's piles.

Now the fun has really started,
Now we're really up the spout
Aunt Jane has gone and farted,
Blown her arsehole inside out.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus
By Gad, you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was a rampart penis.

CHORUS : Frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging
There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain of the lugger
He was a filthy bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one ship to another.

The O.C. Navigation
Was hot on Masterbation,
He taught these joys to two small boys
And gave them constipation.

The first mate's name was Morgan
He really was a moron
Three times a day he used to play
Upon his sexual organ.

The cabin boy's name was Dipper
He was a crafty nipper,
He filled his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

The bosun's mate was Walker
he really was a corker,
The filthy sod had been in quod
For dalliance with a porker.

The ship's dog's name was Rover
By gad he was in clover,
We ground and ground that faithful hound
From Port Said to Dover.

The Captain had a daughter
Who fell into the water,
With a horrible squeal she said an eel,
Had found her sexual quarter.

This daughters name was Mabel,
As good as she was able,
Till jumping Jude to her was rude,
Upon the breakfast table.

Then tired of fornication,
They sought a new sensation,
They sunk that junk in a load of spunk,
Through mutual masterbation.

They tired of this pollution,
They sought for absolution,
They upped the priest, the dirty beast,
And broke their resolution.

At first the priest resisted,
But then the crew insisted,
And some burned rum,
Beneath his bum,
And some his bollocks twisted.

CAVIAR

Caviar comes from the virgin Sturgeon,
Virgin sturgeon's a very fine dish,
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin',
Thats why caviar is my dish.

Shad Roe comes from the scarlet shad fish,
Shad fish have a sorry fate,
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish,
Got that way without a mate.

Oysters they are fishy bivalves,
They have youngsters in their shells;
How they diddle is the riddle,
But they do, so what the hell.

The green Sea Turtle's mate is happy,
With her lover's winning ways,
First he grips her with his flipper's,
Then he grips and flips for days.

Mrs Clam is optimistic,
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,
Hopes her duitor is a shooter,
Hits the self-same spot as she.

Give a thought to happy Cod Fish,
Always there when duty calls,
Female cod fish is an odd fish,
From them too come cod fish balls.

I ~~fed~~ fed caviar to my Grand-dad,
Grand-dad's age is ninety-three,
Shrieks of laughter came from Grannie,
Grand-dad had her up a tree.

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TIMES IS HARD

Please don't burn our shithouse down,
Mother is willing to pay,
Father's away on the ocean wave,
Kate's in the family way,
Brother dear has gonorrhea,
Times is fucking hard,
So please don't burn our shithouse down,
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

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THE DOG'S PARLIAMENT

The dogs once held a Parliament,
They came from near and far,
And some dog's came by aeroplane,
And some dogs came by car.

Before into the meeting hall,
They were allowed to look,
Each had to take his arsehole off,
And hang it on a hook.

No sooner were they seated there,
Each mother, son, and sire,
When a dirty little yellow dog,
Got up and shouted 'fire!

They all rushed from the meeting hall
Nor even paused to look,
But snatched the very nearest arse,
From off the nearest hook.

They got their arseholes all mixed up,
It made them very sore,
To have to wear a strange arsehole,
They'd never worn before.

And that explains why any dog,
Will leave the choicest bone,
To smell another dog's arsehole,
He's looking for his own.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAMPAIGN

Il Duce gives the order and the organ grinders go,
To the plains of Abyssinia to fight against the foe,

But alas, those organ grinders will never grind again,
For they've left their grinding organs on the Abyssinia plain.

The Abyssinian warriors streaked joyfully for home,
With knick-knacks on the mantle-piece imported straight from Rome,

Now the Pope is inundated with offers from the choir,
From Gentlemen whose register has gone an octave higher.

Il Duce mounts the rostrum to greet the troops return,
With an unknown sunbath's ashes in an old-Etruscan urn.

What shall we give these heroes, Il Duce loudly calls,
One hundred thou falsetto tones vociferated "Balls".

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THE RAM O' DERBYSHIRE

Now in the country of derbyshire,
There was a famous ram,
His fame spread over the countryside,
His prick was like a ham.

CHORUS; And if you don't beleive me,
And think I'm telling alie,,
Just ask the maids of derbyshire,
Who'll tell you the same as I.

And when that ram was born|sir,
He had two horns of Brass,|
One stuck out his abdomen,
The other stuck out his ---.

And when the ram was young sir,
He had a curious~ trick,
Of jumping over a five-barred gate,
And landing on his ---.

And when the ram had grown sir,
They carried him in a truck,
And all the maids of Derbyshire,
Came just to see him ---.

And when the ram was old sir,
They put him aboard a lugger,
And all the boys of Derbyshire,
Came on to have a ---.

And when the ram was dead sir,
They burried him in St Paul's,
It took ten men and a good-sized truck,
To carry out his ---.

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SISTER LILY

Have you met Uncle Hector,
He's a cock and ball inspector,
At a celebrated English Public School,
And my brother sells French letters
And a patent cure for "Wetters",
We're not the best of families,
Ain't it cruel!

My little sister Lily,
Is a whore in Picadilly,
My mother is another in the Strand,
My father hawks his arsehole,
Round the Elephant and Castle,
We're the finest fucking family in the

ABDUL THE BULBUL AMEER

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
They are filled with the sweet and the dear,
But the fairest, a Greek, was owned by a sniek,
Named Adbul the Bulbul Ameer.

Now this queen of the Pro's had a quim like a rose,
And the man who shagged best in the year,
Was offered the prize of a trip up her thighs,
By Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

Now a travelling brothel came into the town,
It was owned by a Russian from afar,
He took up the challenge to all who could shag,
It was Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

So a spectacle great was arranged for a date,
And a visit was paid to the Czar,
And the streets were all lined by the harlots entwined.
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

As they lined on the track and their pricks were all slack,
The starter's gun shattered the air,
With their pricks on the rise, they all gasped at the size,
Of Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

For moments were past and the shagging was fast,
And Abdul's arse waved wide and far,
But he stood not a hope 'gainst the long even stroke,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Shavaar.

When Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun,
He bent down to wipe off his pair,
When he felt something shoot up his old brown cheroot,
It was Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

The harlots turned green at this horrible scene,
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
But if Abdul had pluck, it was fucking hard luck,
On Ivan Skavinsky Shavaar.

But the cream of the joke when at last they were broke,
Was laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul, the fool, had broken his tool,
In Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

Now Ivan, poor sod, all bunged up with that rod,
Has not had a shit for a year,
For salts by the ton will not shift that half gun,
Of Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

And Abdul lies lonely with no one to shag,
And beats only half to his bar,
For the rest of his tool travels far with the school,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

And the Queen of the Pros with the quim like a rose,
Has never forgotten the bar,
Which is stuck hard and fast in the quivering ass,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavaar.

So if you ever issue a challenge to shag,
Think hard and think well and think clear,
Remember the fate of old Ivan the Great,
And Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.